TPS-010 Script

Announcer: It's a 7-6 game! Nashville kicks the ball, OH! What a cheat! But wait! Is this Nashville again with the ball, he kicks it again! Ohh! She tripped him! Yellow card! YELLOW CARD, REF! CALL A YELLOW CARD!!!!!!!! But wait, it's almost in! It's in! Nashville has scored! And now he gets a sports drink dunked all over him!

Nashville: Hahaha! That tickles!

(Everyone starts tickling Nashville)

(Nashville wakes up from his dream, jumps out of bed)

Nashville: Good morning!

(Nashville stands on his toes a few times)

Nashville: 1! 2! 3! 4! 5! 6! 7! 8! 9! 10!

(Nashville does jumping jacks)

Nashville: 1! 2! 3! 4! 5! 6! 7! 8! 9! 10!

(Nashville does push-ups)

Nashville: 1! 2! 3! 4! 5! 6! 7! 8! 9! 10!

Coach Squidward Pheekers: Nashville, what are you doing?

Nashville: I'm getting ready for the Olympics.

Coach Squidward Pheekers: Olympics?! It's 2021! They don't do Olympics in 2021!

Snizzy: COME ON NASHVILLE! WE TRAIN FOR OLYMPICS!

Coach Squidward Pheekers: You too?!

Ry: Olympic training!

Coach Squidward Pheekers: Oh, no! I need to get help!

Coach Squidward Pheekers: I'll watch some watch TV.

TV Guy: The Olympics are coming soon!

Coach: WHAT!?

Nashville: Told you.

Coach: WHAT!!!! WHAT!!!!!!!!! WHAT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Nashville: But we need a trainer.

Dod: Since I'm the oldest, I can be your trainer.

Nashville: No, we need someone older than you, Dod.

Harry: How about Columbia Confirmed?

Dod/Snippy: What the...?!

Harry: I have his number.

(Harry dials the number and calls Columbia Confirmed)

Columbia Confirmed: Hello, this is Columbia Confirmed. How can I help you?

Harry: We need someone to train us?

Columbia Confirmed: What?!

(Harry gives Snizzy the phone.)

Snizzy: WE NEED SOMEONE TO TRAIN US!!!

Columbia Confirmed: Okay, okay, how about I just...

Dod: Snizzy! Why did you hang up on Columbia?!

(A knock on the door is heard)

(Dod answers it)

Dod: Hello?!

Sgt. Weston Aldens: I AM SERGEANT WESTON ALDENS! I WILL BE YOUR TRAINER.

Dod: Oh, no! No! No! No!

Sgt. Weston Aldens: IS THERE A PROBLEM HERE?

Nashville: Uhh, no sir.

Sgt. Weston Aldens: Good. Now get to work!

(The kids keep training)

Sgt. Weston Aldens: GET MOVING! KEEP WORKING!

(Aldens blows a whistle)

Nashville: Stop blowing whistles at us!

Sgt. Aldens: Well, you better keep moving.

Ry: Aren't you gonna play us some music?!

Sgt. Aldens: Sure, I'd love to play some music. How about we play one of my all-time favorites?

(Sgt. Aldens plays "Endless, Nameless" by Nirvana)

Nashville: AGGGHH!!!!

(The weight drops on him)

Nashville: If only my mommy was here.

Sgt. Aldens: What if I told you your mommy was dead?

Nashville: My mom's dead!?

Snizzy: Get it together, Nashy!

Dod: He's just lying to you.

Sgt. Aldens: DRILL SERGEANTS DON'T LIE!!!!!

Dod: Everyone lies.

Sgt. Aldens: Just for that, you're running 7 laps around the house!

Sgt. Aldens: EVERYONE DOES!

(Later, after 5 laps)

Sgt. Aldens: Alright you bunch of soupheads! 2 more laps and in you go! Nashville! Put a little hustle into it, will you?!

Nashville: Yes sir!

Harry: I think this man is a Karen.

Dod: A male Karen!

Sgt. Aldens: 7 MORE LAPS

Nashville: Dod! Stop insulting him!

Harry: If you keep insulting him, he's gonna become a bully. The last thing I want is to run...

Sgt. Aldens: 444 LAPS!!!!!

Policeman: I am police man what is problem here?

Sgt. Aldens: ACTUALLY 1000 LAPS

Policeman: What is going on?

Harry: Did someone call the police?

The rest: Nashville.

Nashville: THIS man is a Karen!

Police: Sgt., you are under arrest.

(Aldens' hat falls off)

Nashville: Columbia Confirmed?!

Sgt. Aldens: I admit it. I'm Columbia Confirmed.

(goes to jail)

(The kids visit the jail)

Columbia: I don't blame you for thinking I'm a Karen.

Dod: No, we said you were acting like a Karen.

Harry: Which you kinda were.

Columbia Confirmed: Listen, I have friends. They'll make fun of me. I hate being made fun of. And They'll call me Columbia softface. I hate that stupid nickname.

Nashville: Then they're not really your friends, are they?

Columbia: Good point!!

(Later outside)

Coach Squidward Pheekers: AAAGHH!!!!!! I NEED TO RUN AWAY!!!!!!!!!!!!

Columbia: Now it's time for some real training!

(Police sirens wail, and the kids run off)

Columbia: Heh, heh, heh

Nashville: (to the audience) You know, for an episode titled "CBS/FOX Insanity," this was NOT what I had in mind.

Snizzy: Let's see how Simon is doing...

(THE END)